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ISSUE 89 / $18.50

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Forced to face their hidden desires

Fantasy Fulfilled

fiction by Mistress Jaclyn

CAUGHT in the ACT

Hot Sissy Fiction

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and MORE!

forced WOMANHOOD #89

2019

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THIS MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE ENSLAVEMENT, TRANSFORMATION & CHASTISEMENT OF MEN.

forced WOMANHOOD!

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Have any letters, stories or photos you'd like to share? You're so naughty! Forced Womanhood is always looking for SUB-missions. There's no better way to show off that sissified slut than in our publication.

Send your material along with a SASE to:
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LIVE BREAKING NEWS

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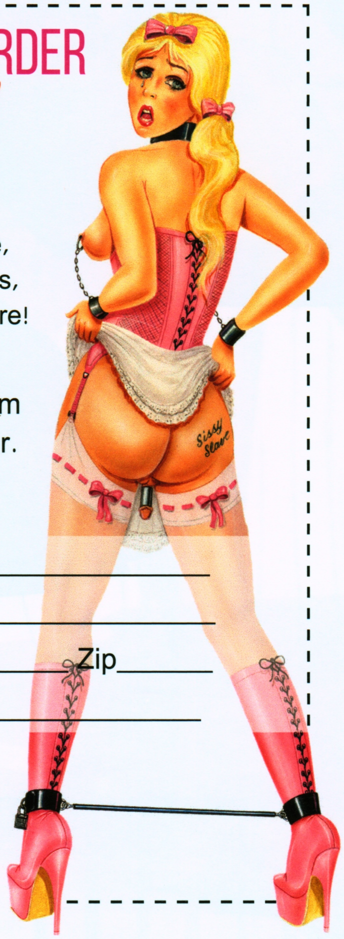

Happy New Year my beloved Readers! It is hard to believe that 2019 has just begun but we are already going through so many changes... Every new year brings with it new opportunities for reflection, growth, and change so that our lives continue to evolve. When I looked back at our most recent issues I realized along with our successes there were some missteps and know that it is time for a massive shift in how I edit, produce, and distribute Forced Womanhood magazine. In order to keep serving you – my loyal readers – I have decided to end distribution on national newsstands, which simply means the magazine will be available only from Centurian.

Our goal is to print occasional special editions or even a retrospective issue after we take a short break to regroup and rebrand as a more modern fetish product. We will advertise these directly to our email list and monthly flyer subscribers, so be sure to sign up for your preferred method right now or you might miss one of these exciting new issues. Fill out the form at left to join our mailing list or visit us online at:

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Letters

Dear Forced Womanhood,

First I want to congratulate you on your lovely and wonderful publications; I am a regular reader and love them dearly. I've enclosed some photos of myself in various stages of dress for you to print anytime.

My femme name is Monique, I am a transvestite and have been for a very long time. My interests are dressing and looking totally like a woman. I love to dress in formal attire and some of my favorite clothes are seamed stockings, French knickers, high heels, and party dresses. But you can see from my photos I was feeling extra naughty and went for a kinky fetish look (I am submissive after all!).

I've wanted to be a woman as far back as I can remember. In junior high school I'd sit and watch the prettiest girls and pretend I was one of them. When my mother was at work I'd dress in her clothing; I'd tuck my penis out of sight between my legs, pull my skirt up and excitedly contemplate my 'female' body.

In drag I passed as an attractive woman and caught the attention of men. I LOVE men! Was I ever thrilled when men whistled at me. I hope to find lots more guys to play around with, men who will feminize me and make me their sex slave! There is nothing finer than slipping a pair of thigh high nylons over my legs, fastening them to my corset, donning a pair of high heels and strutting my stuff for my men and making love to them!

Thank you for the great magazines, keep up the good work!

Love & Kisses,
Monique

forced WOMANHOOD!
BE INCLUDED!

We Want Your Photos!

Share your naughty letters and photos to Forced Womanhood to be included in our Reader's Letters section!Lick it and stick in in the mail. We're always on the lookout to show off our devoted readers dressed up, cinched in, restrained or forcefully feminized. Please send photos to:

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Dear Forced Womanhood,

This magazine is great but I see few dominant men in the scenarios so I hope that you print my letter in your next issue. I am a white Dominant male who is looking for a petite submissive sissy to own. I would like to have a lover, friend, and partner. Race is not important but petite and submissive is, and must want to be a woman full time. Must love wearing thigh high nylons, garter belts, and high heels. Having your own long hair would be a plus. I like sleeping on satin sheets but also like the outdoors some too. Please write to me and send photos to the address below:

RON MAROVETS
1096 Jackson Hollow Dr
Monona, IA 52159-8524

Dear Forced Womanhood,

My name is Peter, I am 57 years old and I am looking for two or more pre-op transsexuals and females for fun, love, kink, and more. I would love to be in a DVD with transsexuals; I am open to bondage, tied spread eagle with my mouth forced open to receive cum and pee.

I do not smoke, do drugs, or have any STDs. Looking for TS and females only, no men, CD, or TVs. Call me at: 661-859-0302 or write to me.

PETER W.
814 17th St Apt #7
Bakersfield, CA 93301

Dear Forced Womanhood,

As I'm sure your editors know most men who wish to dominate others only seek out women to become their slaves. I have always been a bisexual, and after several attempts & several failures to enslave a woman, Forced Womanhood provided the answer for me.

In recent issues there have been letters from men who have enslaved other males and feminized them, giving them the female-or in many cases-the Shemale they desire.

About 2 years ago I rented my spare room out to a young man who I intended to turn into my dutiful slave. I tried to subtly signal my sexual interest in him, but he always turned me away saying he was heterosexual and had no interest.

After a few months he told me he was moving out, but before he could begin packing, I dropped a popular hypnotic drug into his soda and when he fell asleep I went straight to work. I had already set up a dungeon in my basement for my plan and once he was out cold I happily carried his limp body downstairs and strapped him to a gurney. By the time he woke up he was completely shaved except for the top of his head and had been injected with both female hormones and testosterone blockers.

After several days of strict bondage strapped to the gurney, receiving regular doses of hormone replacement therapy, he begged me to release him, promising that he would to anything to be free. I told him to be released he would have to sign a contract I had drawn up, binding him to me as a slave and requiring him to do all I demanded. He was such a pathetic loser that he agreed easily and I have finally succeeded in having my own slave.

Francine, as I renamed him, has been all I could ever desire ever since his feminization. The hormones and recent breast implants have reformed his once male body into a thing of feminine beauty. Francine's cock has shrunk and been chastised and she can no longer have sex as a male; she must serve me orally and anally, which she does willingly and very well.

While I am at work she cooks, cleans, does my laundry, and takes care of all the housework so when I return I can spend my evenings relaxing and having sex with her. So many women today will not follow a man's orders, but I have found with Francine that Shemales become willing subjects with proper training and become so taken by their new femininity that they seek to be as feminine as possible at all times. Perhaps because they remember how they were once aroused by women. It also helps that having been male Francine knows what she liked when a girl would suck her cock, she can use that knowledge to please me. I have never had a better blow job than the ones Francine gives me virtually every day now.

I get very excited thinking I was able to accomplish this with a heterosexual male, so much so, I am hoping soon to capture and train another slave who I will feminize and enslave. Your magazine has been a big help to me.

MASTER RICHARD

Dear Forced Womanhood,

Mistress tells me that with the availability of the internet, and magazines like yours, more and more wives & girlfriends are learning what Dommes and women of the Victorian Age have known for years—centuries even—and that is the seemingly magical power of panties and other items of lingerie when forced upon a male.

When forced upon a male, She says, panties and other items of lingerie become his "Kryptonite" and render him weak, docile, and unbelievably manageable. Once the wife or girlfriend makes the decision to take control of the marriage or relationship she should know that nearly all emasculations of an unsuspecting male begins by introducing him to the look and feel of women's panties.

It doesn't matter, Mistress explains, whether the panties are forced upon him or if he is somehow coerced into putting them on. His first pair of panties should be made of satin or silk and should be frilly…the frillier the better. Also, to enhance the feel of the soft fabric against his body the panties should fit snugly, a size too small is ideal.

Introducing him to the look and feel of frilly panties is the planting of the seed in the emasculation process, and like any seed, it must be carefully nurtured. Once pantied, the male should never be ridiculed or made fun of. Rather, he should be complimented on how nice the panties look on him, and asked how nice they feel.

Mistress emphasized the importance of the length of time that the male is kept in his first pair of panties—the longer the better She explained. She added that as he remains pantied, the Mistress or wife should ignore any pleas, protests, or even any joking remarks he may offer, as every experienced Domme knows that unbeknownst to him, he is subconsciously succumbing to feelings of femininity. In most cases these sudden feelings of femininity induced by the panties are totally new to him. He experiences a newfound sensuality…feminine sensuality. The panties are working their magic!

Once assured privacy and discretion, along with understanding, compassion, and encouragement, it is very seldom that this male will object to putting on panties again, and again, and again for his Mistress or wife.

With some persistent encouragement he eventually finds himself wearing panties to work hidden beneath his pants. The snugness of the silk panties never lets him forget he's wearing them. Each time he sits in the restroom with his trousers pulled down he becomes absorbed by the image of the frilly panties stretched across his thighs…thighs that, unbeknownst to him, are soon to become the soft, smooth shaven thighs of a female.

Mistress went on to explain that it's usually during the 'panty training' phase of the emasculation process in which the male ego is displaced by overwhelming feelings of femininity.

"Oh, the magical power of panties…," She exclaimed.

~jennifer

Dear Forced Womanhood,

Like most women who have turned their husbands or boyfriends into feminized sissified slaves I keep my slaves little "thingy" chastised. I find it helps him concentrate on the huge list of chores I leave for him every morning.

But, unlike many women, I do let his sissy thing have some relief. I think it's unnecessarily cruel to permanently lock their things away. However, I don't let him indulge himself whenever he feels like it. Each Friday at precisely 7pm I conduct a lengthy review of his weekly chores and overall behavior. I grade everything—his vacuuming, dish washing, dusting, floor scrubbing and so on—rating even the most minute details like efficiency and style. For each chore I judge "excellent" I award him one good sissy point.

Then I review all his chambermaid duties. The laundry, ironing, cooking and meal service, and beautician tasks. I review and grade each instance of what I call "sissies pussy worship" rating each orgasm from mediocre to excellent. Finally, I go over his demeanor, attitude, level of obedience, and cheerfulness.

It takes quite some time, but I delight in watching him squirm under my scrutiny, trying not to get aroused and failing miserably. When I am finished sissy nervously counts up all the good sissy points I have awarded him. These translate to seconds, and the total number of seconds is how long he has to get his little dicky to spurt before I lock it up again.

Once I have his legs nicely spread apart I get my stopwatch and when I click it he frantically goes about getting his little thing as excited and hard as he can, and then tries as hard as he can, pardon the pun, to get it to spurt before I say, "times up!"

You can't believe how amusing and downright comical it is to watch. Last Friday he earned the most seconds so far, a full 49. But, poor thing, he was almost there when I told him time was up and despite his pleading for just a few more seconds rules were rules and I am immediately stuck his quivering 'thing' in the bucket of ice I have him fill beforehand. Of course the problems he had probably had a lot to do with my three best friends that I invited over to watch.

~Mistress Trinity

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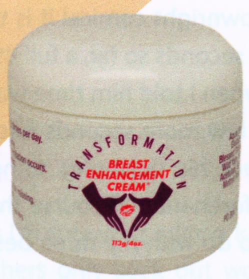
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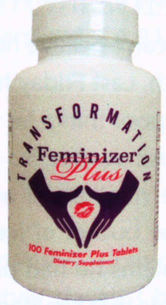
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Sissy SCHOOL

With Mistress Samantha

Mistress Samantha has decades of experience with crossdressers, sissies, and sluts like you! Why not give her a call at 954-757-0345 or drop her a line C/O Centurian, PO Box 11677, Reno, NV. 89510

Dear Mistress Samantha,

I'm a very well-known businessman living in California.My situation is pretty unique, and I really need some direction. Let me give you a little background information so you can understand the drama I'm living right now! I met my wife, Kay, at an upscale Club about 6 years ago. I was 27, and she was 42. I was immediately attracted to her; she was beautiful, intelligent, and super assertive—my perfect match!We sat together all evening, and at the end of the night she slipped me her phone number, and I happily gave her mine.

I walked her to the car, gave her a hug, and told her I would be calling her very soon so we could see each other again. Shortly after I got into my car, my phone rang and it was her. She said she couldn't get enough of me, so I invited her to meet me at my house for a nightcap. I texted my address to her, and a few minutes after I arrived home she was knocking at my door. Well, as they say, "The Rest Is History," and she never left!

I was on cloud nine. Kay was dominant, and open minded. She was completely accepting of my alternative lifestyle. You see Mistress Samantha, I've been a closet Crossdresser for over 20 years. I've always been afraid to tell anyone that I'm dating how much I love to dress up. I was worried that if we break up my secret lifestyle might be plastered all over social media. I'm a respected, super successful businessman in my community. If word ever got out, it would destroy me. But Kay was different, she actually encouraged me to dress up and prance around like a little Princess. I was so in love with her that I married her six months after we met. I was living the dream! I was extremely happy, things couldn't be better, or so I thought...

This "perfect relationship" lasted about 2 1/2 years; my wife told me that my Crossdressing disgusted her. She wanted me to stop immediately or she was going to divorce me!She actually moved out of our bedroom and into our guest house. To say I was devastated would be an understatement. I found it quite interesting that our Prenuptial Agreement stated that after two years of marriage she would get 50% of everything I own. She manipulated me and totally lied about being ok with my lifestyle.She is a liar and a gold digger!Things really degraded between the two of us, and we finally divorced six months later.

To make matters worse, my worst fears were becoming a reality. She threatened to blackmail me, unless I gave her 50% of my net worth, a Mercedes Benz, a million dollar townhouse in South Florida, and a hefty alimony check every month.I had no choice but to comply with her demands, as ruining my reputation was not a viable choice.

About a year after our divorce, I had a few too many drinks, and I foolishly decided to call Kay.She seemed surprised to hear from me, but amused at the same time. She told me that she had a boyfriend and was blissfully happy. She admitted he was bisexual, but they had fallen in love, and he had moved in with her.I told her I was happy for her, and as a matter of fact, would be in her area the following week for business. I must admit I was shocked that she invited me over to meet her boyfriend, Bill, but I gladly accepted.

A week later I showed up at her door, and Kay quickly invited me in. She looked gorgeous, as usual, and her boyfriend, Bill was extremely handsome as well.We all had a few drinks, and soon Bill started shamelessly flirting with me!Things quickly got out of control and soon the three of us were in the bedroom. Mistress Samantha, they were ready for me, and this was completely planned. Kay took off my clothes and put a pair of red panties on me. She put a ball gag in my mouth and secured it tightly behind my head while Bill adjusted the camera to be sure I was being recorded properly.They proceeded to put on masks to assure their anonymity, and then they forced me to endure horrible pain and humiliation! Bill put me over his lap and gave me such a hard spanking that my butt cheeks were stinging. The pain and humiliation was so horrible that I began to cry. They both laughed hysterically at me as they found it very amusing.Then Bill removed my gag, and he thrust his member into my mouth to pleasure him. Kay put on a 10" strap-on, and proceeded to forcefully take me from behind. It was completely crazy, they were both dominating me, and it was erotic ecstasy!

That was about three years ago, and things, once again, didn't turn out as I expected. Whenever they feel like dominating me, I have to fly down within 24 hours. I had to increase the alimony by a substantial amount, and now I have to support Bill too! If I don't comply with their demands they threatened to post my video online everywhere possible! Mistress Samantha that will definitely ruin me! How do I get out of this mess? Please help me.

Stuart,
Los Angeles, CA

Dear Stuart;

How in the hell are you able to own several successful businesses?You must be the luckiest guy on the planet, because you're dumb as a rock! You had many years of experience with Kay and you knew what she was capable of. Why in the world would you want to visit her and her new boyfriend? You knew it wasn't to catch up on old times.I guess those of you that are into humiliation can't seem to get enough of it! Well now, you really created a hot mess for yourself didn't you slut! The first thing you have to do is start using your brain instead of acting on impulse. I hope you learned something from this "sticky" situation. These two sweethearts have you right where they want, and I have a feeling that their demands are only going to get worse. You need to do something quickly before they extort every asset you have, and leave you penniless. Remember, blackmail is illegal, but I guess that never occurred to you Einstein! Hire a lawyer that specializes in LGBTQ litigation, as he or she will be sensitive to your needs and not judge you. I hope you start making better choices. They have names for people like you....victims!Good luck dork! Keep in touch, and let me know what happens!

Dominantly,

♥ *Mistress Samantha,*

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mouthwatering latex love

by Sissy Wilma

I'd always dreamed of being a sissy maid and my Mistress Nan brought this fantasy to fulfillment over the last year. I'd spent thousands of dollars on her at the dungeon where we'd met until finally she began to break me in as her personal slave, at first by having me run little errands for her on the outside, and then finally donning a maid's uniform and actually doing her housework. One of our fantasy role play scenarios had been of her cuckolding me too and I soon learned that it was no act. Mistress Nan had a passion for humiliating men in this way. The thing is, though, if you love being treated like this (as I do), is it humiliation or a form of love? I guess a combination of both.

Last weekend I got a major serving of this treatment and I felt so happy; it seemed to confirm my status totally as Mistress Nan's utter slave and degraded cuckie. It was Saturday afternoon and I'd come over to clean her apartment as I usually did. I just loved being on my knees serving her, dusting, scrubbing, and sweeping, while she was out with her friends at brunch or shopping—using my credit card, of course. But her boyfriend Jason had unexpectedly gotten an immediate foreign assignment that was going to take him out of the country for two weeks (he works for a news network) and so Nan decided to forgo her brunch date with the girls to give him a good sendoff. He came over about eleven o'clock and they almost immediately went into the bedroom.

So there I was, in my maid's uniform over my completely shaven body — Nan had taken me to a spa to get the shaving done and it was one of the most deliciously humiliating things that had ever happened to me. So, silky smooth sissy me was cleaning up the kitchen, dusting the living room, and of course scrubbing the bathroom; that last one the most exhausting yet satisfying of the chores. I could have used a toilet brush but it made me feel more lowly to scrub the bowl with a sponge, wearing pink rubber gloves along with my black satin maid's ensemble.

I was scouring the seat as I heard Nan and Jason fucking each other louder than ever through the bedroom door, the thumping of the bed and their moans sending thrills of utter lowliness through me. Jason was her stud, and I was her sissy slave, and he was inside her mouth and her pussy and maybe even her ass (although Mistress Nan and I had never discussed that) but I was inside her toilet bowl with my pink-gloved hand, working up a sweat under my blonde bouffant retro wig with a little maid's cap on the top.

"Ohmigosh, Jason, please don't stop!" Mistress Nan cried out, filling my head with images of her gripping the headboard as he plowed his long black dick inside her blonde pinkness. Nan had told me she liked it from behind, so I could visualize Jason's shaft cramming her back and forth, vanishing under her cheeks as he filled her vagina to the hilt.

Mistress Nan threatened to lay me down underneath them sometime, so that I could watch her get banged by Jason doggie style, and then to catch his cum in my mouth when he finally couldn't take it anymore and had to release the load Nan had inspired in his beautiful dark balls (I had sometimes seen him walk around the apartment naked after they'd fucked).

But there wasn't time for any humiliating cuckold threesome games now. Jason had a plane to catch, and a load to shoot.

I inhaled the aromas of my Mistress as well as those of Jason.

I was almost finished scrubbing the bathtub when I heard them both cumming, Mistress Nan with long feminine screams and Jason with deep bearlike growls. I could only imagine how much cream filled his condom...I knew he used them because Nan kept a bowl of them for him on her nightstand.

But as it turned out, I didn't have to "imagine." After they were done fucking, they came into the bathroom for a quick shower together—soon to make an instant mess of all my hard work. "Aww, you'll have to clean it all again, Sissy Wilma," said Nan, shooing me out of the bathroom so they could bathe. "Oh, but wait a minute, sissy," she added, "this will keep you company while we rinse off." And she handed me a giant size pale blue condom tied shut at the base and filled with spunk puddled in the receptacle tip! "Make love to it while you wait for us, sweetie girl. Show respect for the man who fucks your goddess!" I could hear her laughing as she closed the bathroom door and Jason started the water.

I had taken off my rubber gloves, so I could feel the warmth of the sticky condom in my palm. I held it up to my nose and took a sniff; I inhaled the aromas of my Mistress as well as those of Jason.

I kneeled on the floor in my nylons and black patent Mary Janes (Mistress didn't think I should do housework in heels) and I kissed the condom reverently. This was a lot of humiliation, maybe more than I could handle; there was something so degrading about being alone and adoring a discarded rubber from a man who had just fucked a woman I thought about 24/7 but whom I would never possess. But the embarrassment of knowing how low I could stoop didn't prevent me from worshiping that rubber. In fact, as I held it reverently in two hands, kissing it over and again, I whispered: "I'm glad you have a good lover, Mistress. I'm glad he satisfies you with a big dick and gets so hot and shoots so much!" So in a way I was worshiping him through the condom, too, not just my goddess.

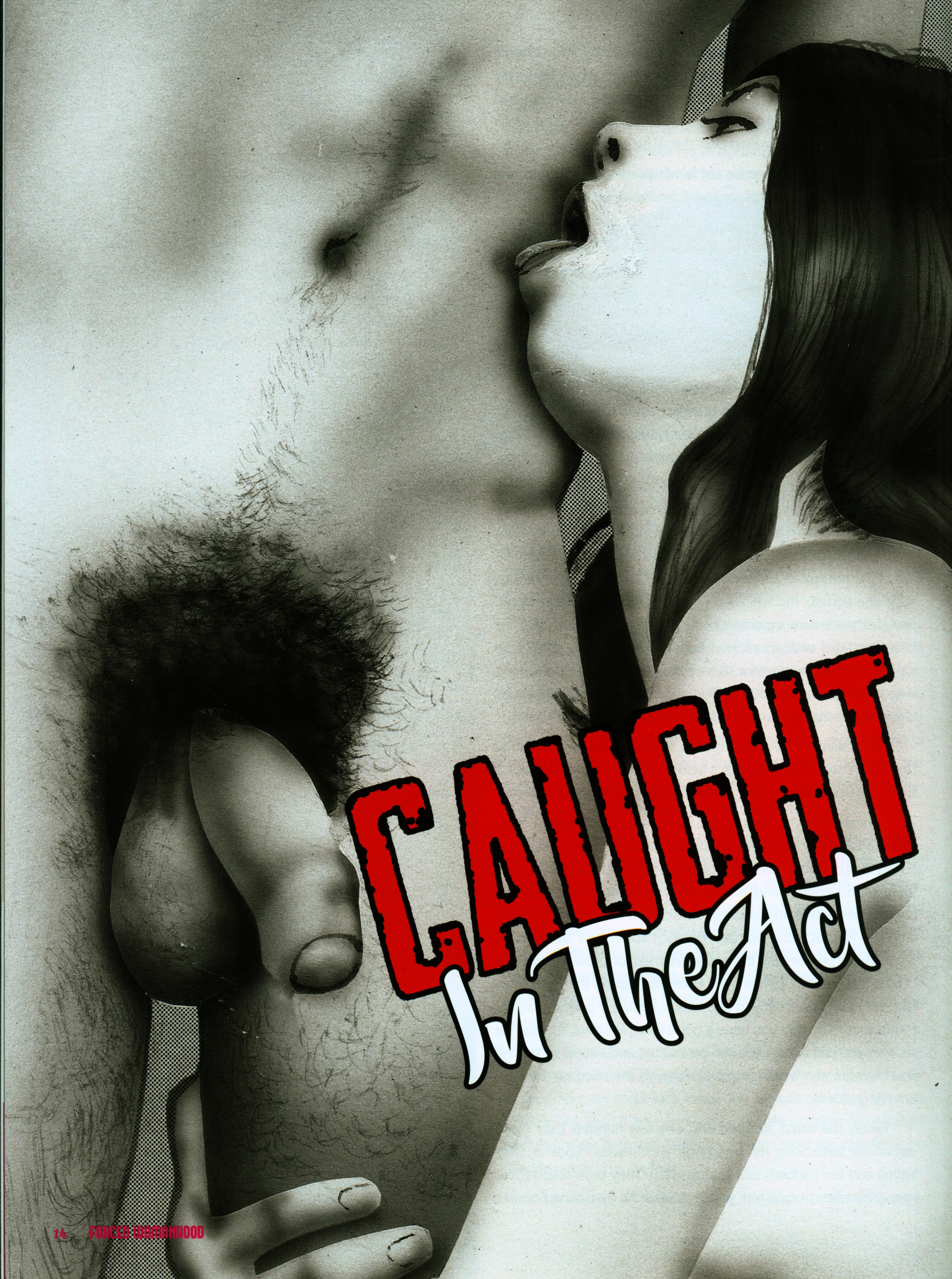
Finally the water stopped and in a few minutes they came out of the bathroom, still drying off with towels. "Look at Sissy Wilma and the rubber!" said Mistress Nan. They both stood there naked, droplets of moisture on their beautiful gym-toned bodies as they stared at me. "Now put it in your mouth, honeybunch," said Mistress Nan. "Pull your little peenie while you roll Jason's condom on your tongue."

But I never made it that far. The utter dirtiness of the idea, and the amused stares of my superiors, sent me over the top even before I could reach under my maid's dress and get out my weenie. I came instantly in the black, transparent filmy panties, shaking on my haunches even as I accidentally bit down on the condom and let all of Jason's manly cream gush out all over my tongue!

"Aww, poor baby broke his souvenir," said Mistress Nan, coming over and taking the leaking rubber out of my lips, letting the remainder of the spunk drip down on my nose. "But don't worry, sissy. When Jason comes back to see me, he'll make you another souvenir!"

Ohmigosh...I couldn't wait!!

—Sissy Wilma, Cleveland OH



CAUGHT
In The Act

"Well now," he said through the window, "I would never have believed that YOU could be SO fucking sexy!"

Shit!!! What was I to do?? Almost in a blind panic, but mostly out of desperation I beckoned to him to CUM round to the back door.

As I opened it, I dragged him in violently and slamming the door behind him, I pulled him on to me and throwing my arms round his neck, I kissed him passionately full on his mouth. I didn't know what else to do and this felt almost natural.

He certainly didn't resist – on the contrary – as he forced his tongue deep into my mouth, I could feel his trembling hands rubbing me up and down frantically. I could feel the heat of his cock through his shorts rubbing up against mine. We were on fire, the two of us, burning with unbridled untamed pulsating passion and delirious desire.

Then I broke away from him and panting with lust, I managed to stammer "U-Upstairs."

He didn't need telling twice and as I led him upstairs, my butt swinging from side to side as we climbed, he fondled my ass-cheeks and ran his still trembling hands up and down the upper inside of my nyloned thighs, which were only too easily accessible.

Once in my bedroom I took down his shorts and there it was – a gorgeous young cock in magnificent erection. I was thrilled, too, to see that he was free of body hair and that his skin was almost as silky smooth and delicate as my own.

His cock was really rampant now and as I sat on the edge of the bed, I took it into my mouth. Oooooohhh!! How delicious it was, his pre-cum quite abundant with that wonderful sweet, salty, honey taste that I'd enjoyed so often in tasting my own.

I could feel his hand grip the back of my head real tight as he fucked in and out of my greedy girlie mouth. I ran my hands up and down his smooth chest occasionally digging in my fingernails, which turned him on even more and made him deliriously demented.

I could hear his breathing quicken more and more and I could sense that he was on the verge of shooting his load. But I didn't want him to cum just yet, as by now my ass-cunt was on fire and needed to be fucked good 'n hard desperately.

I managed to break free of the assaults of his rampant raging cock to blurt out to him, "Fuck me!! – I want you to fuck me you bastard!!! – FUCK ME!!!!" I screamed at him.

Within seconds I was hands and knees on the bed offering him my only too wet 'n willing ass pussy to take as he wanted. He rammed his throbbing cock all the way in, which made me cry out in pain. But as he got into his rhythm and my anal fuck-tube adjusted itself to this new invasion, the pain eased off and the sheer pleasure of it all took over – Oooooohh – Was it good to be taken like this – To be treated like a SLUT and fucked like a WHORE with such delirious passion.

As his rhythm intensified we yelled insults at each other: "Harder you bastard!!" – "You sleazy slut" – "You filthy fuck-faggot" – "You dirty-dyke cum-dump tramp…"

Finally it came – He screamed in orgasmic fury as he shot his load deep right into me – Me too, yelling like the BITCH in heat that I'd become as I felt his powerful jets of spunky spermy jism smash up against the rear wall of my rectum – And Ohhhhh, did that feel soooo fucking good or what!!!!

Finally we both collapsed alongside each other on the bed to get our breath back but also to have some exchange of sweet tenderness as we kissed and caressed each other, feeling in rapture the sensual softness of our silky smooth skins – so soft – so feminine.

We must have sucked and fucked each other three or four times that day - He shooting his load into my mouth or my ass-cunt – Me shooting my load into his mouth and every time we did that, we'd kiss and cuddle and share the incomparable taste of sweet, salty, spunky-sperm.

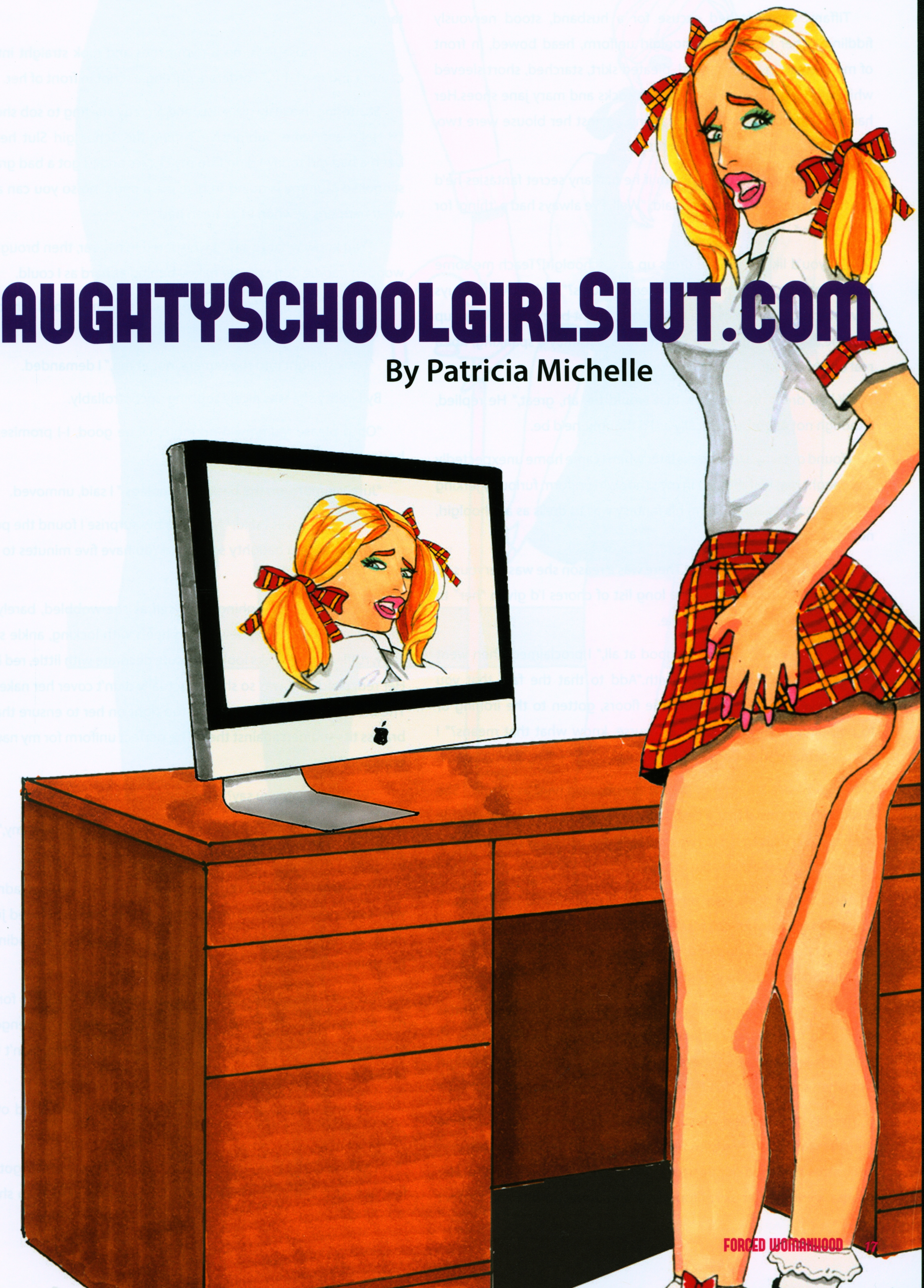
We saw each other many times after that, and long after Natalie had departed. Lyle would discretely borrow his mother's stuff – great stuff it was too, as she had impeccable taste as a femme fatale and being divorced, would take great care over her appearance so as to seduce any guy she fancied – and they were many, so it seemed.

Because she was out of the house on the man-hunt quite often, that gave Lyle and I many opportunities to borrow her stuff, get dressed up like the whores that we now loved to be, and suck 'n fuck each other senseless more or less as and when we wanted.

Which, I don't need to tell you was often – very often…

NaughtySchoolgirlSlut.com

By Patricia Michelle



Tiffany, my wretched excuse for a husband, stood nervously fiddling in her blue plaid schoolgirl uniform, head bowed, in front of me.Dressed in a short, plaid, pleated skirt, starched, short sleeved white blouse and schoolgirl tie, knee socks and mary jane shoes.Her hair was in long pigtails, and straining against her blouse were two, new, unfettered, giggling D-cup titties.

Six months ago I'd asked him if he had any secret fantasies he'd like to explore.Tentatively he'd said, "Well, I've always had a 'thing' for school girls."

"So you'd like to see me dress up as a schoolgirl?Teach me some lessons, maybe spank me if I've broken any rules?" I asked.A lot of guys have schoolgirl fantasies and I thought it might be a hoot to dress up like one, have him give me a few 'lessons' and may a spanking, not a real one of course.

"Y-You dress up, well yes, that would be, ah, great," He replied, although not as enthusiastically as I'd thought he'd be.

I found out why a few weeks later when I came home unexpectedly and caught him half dressed in my schoolgirl uniform furiously jerking off in my panties.So, all along his fantasy was to dress as a schoolgirl, not me.Dumb me.

Which brings us up to date.There was a reason she was nervous.I'd just inspected the results of the long list of chores I'd given "her" to have done by the time I got home.

"Well, this is not good, not good at all," I proclaimed, then went over everything I found fault with."Add to that the fact that you haven't even started scrubbing the floors, gotten to the ironing or to polishing all my shoes.You, of course, know what that means?" I sternly demanded to know.

"Oh p-please Mummy, I-I tried and worked as hard as I could," She pleaded.Never mind that a cleaning woman wouldn't have been able to do the list I'd given her in two days let alone half a day.Didn't matter, I never thought she'd be able to anyway.

"And to top it off your teacher, Ms. Strict, informs me she gave you a D in one of your classes.Well, I don't tolerate excuses from lazy, dumb schoolgirls," I declared, slapping the cane sharply against my leg causing her to jump in fright.

"Go to your classroom, bend over your desk with your panties down and turn on the camera on your computer.I think its time all your fans know what happens to Submissive Tiffany the Schoolgirl Slut when she doesn't do her chores and gets D's in her classes."

Twenty minutes later when I entered the classroom I'd set up there she was, trembling fearfully bent over her old fashioned, wooden desk, arms stretched out, fearfully gripping the edge of the desk.Her panties were off, her skirt flipped up and her ass made the perfect target.

"Spread those legs, up on your toes and look straight into the camera and read this," I ordered, putting a script in front of her.

Stuttering in a little girl's lisp, and already starting to sob she said, "H-Hello everyone, Submissive Tiffany the Schoolgirl Slut here.I've been a bad girl today I didn't do my chores and I-I got a bad grade in school.So Mummy is going to give me a paddling so you can all see what happens w-when I-I've been bad."

"You know what to say," I whispered in her ear, then brought the wooden paddle done on her naked behind as hard as I could.

"Yeoow, O-One, Tiffany is so sorry she's been a b-bad schoolgirl," she hollered.

"Look straight into the camera, not at me," I demanded.

By twenty she was nicely sobbing uncontrollably.

"Oh p-please Mummy, n-no more, I'll be good, I-I promise," She begged.

"Just ten more, on the backs of your legs," I said, unmoved.

When it was over I said, "Now as a big surprise I found the perfect uniform for such a naughty schoolgirl.You have five minutes to put it on," I ordered.

I couldn't help laughing to myself as she wobbled, barely able to walk in her new, sexy seven inch heels with locking, ankle straps. Frilly, ruffled ankle socks looked so cute decorate with little, red bows. Her red, plaid skirt was so short it actually didn't cover her naked ass. The blouse I made sure wasmuch too tight on her to ensure that her braless tits strained against them.The perfect uniform for my naughty schoolgirl slut.

"Well, what do you say?" I demanded to know.

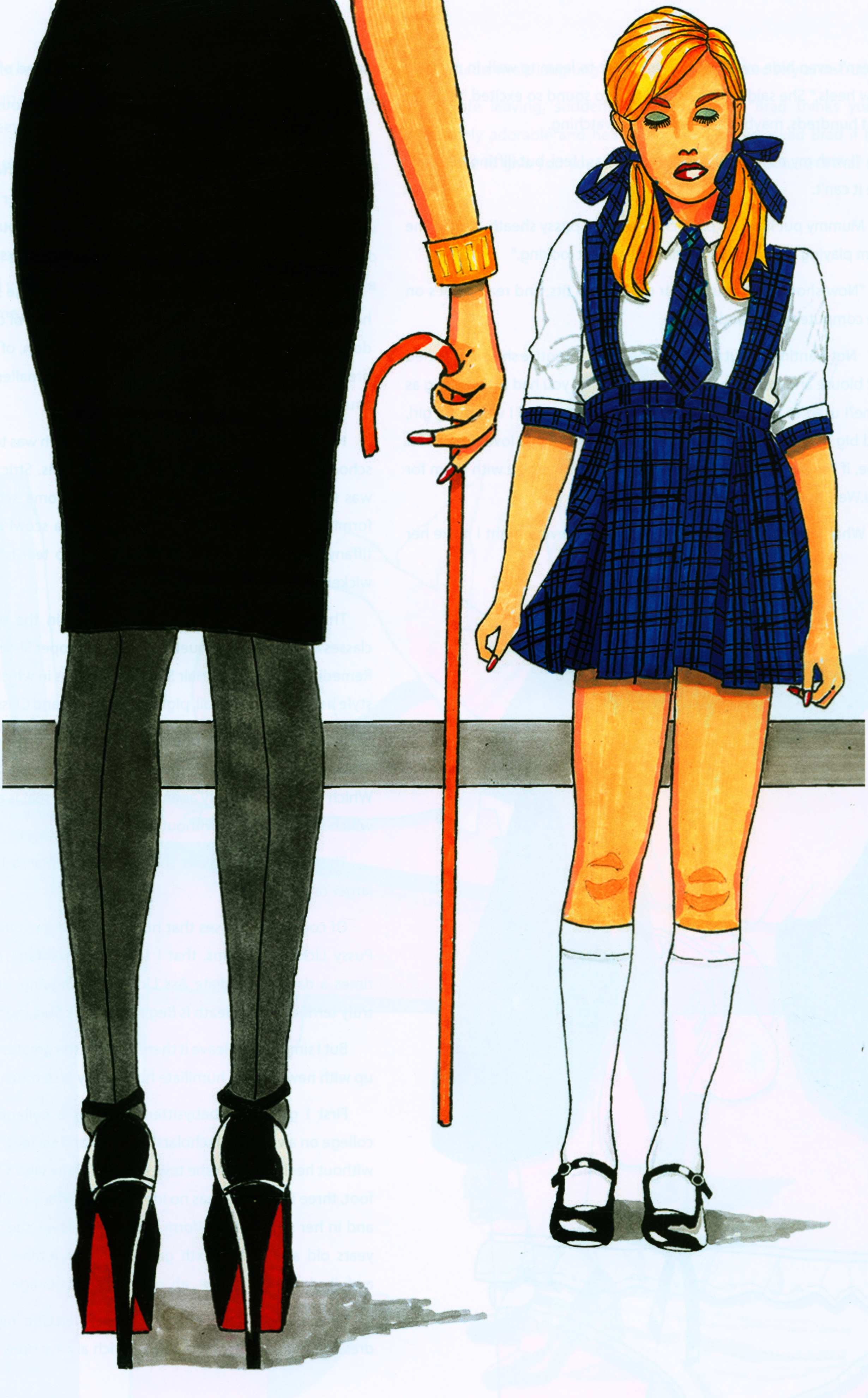
"T-thank you so much for my new uniform, mummy," She stuttered, trying hard not to cry in shame.

"Now smile into the camera and show off to all your admirers your sexy, new uniform," I instructed.This was the part I loved just as much as she hated it.And I made it as humiliating and degrading as I possibly could.

You see, as a web designer I'd created a website for her, naughtyschoolgirlslut.com.I thought it the perfect revenge for masquerading as a real man for two years.Of course she didn't know Id never activated it.

So trying her best to smile, which wasn't easy, she read off the computer screen,

"Don't you just love my in my new uniform my mummy got me?I feel like such a slut.Do I look like a slut?Look, my skirt is so short it



doesn't even hide my ass,And I can't wait to learn to walk in my sexy new heels," She said, trying her hardest to sound so excited, thinking that hundreds, maybe thousands were watching.

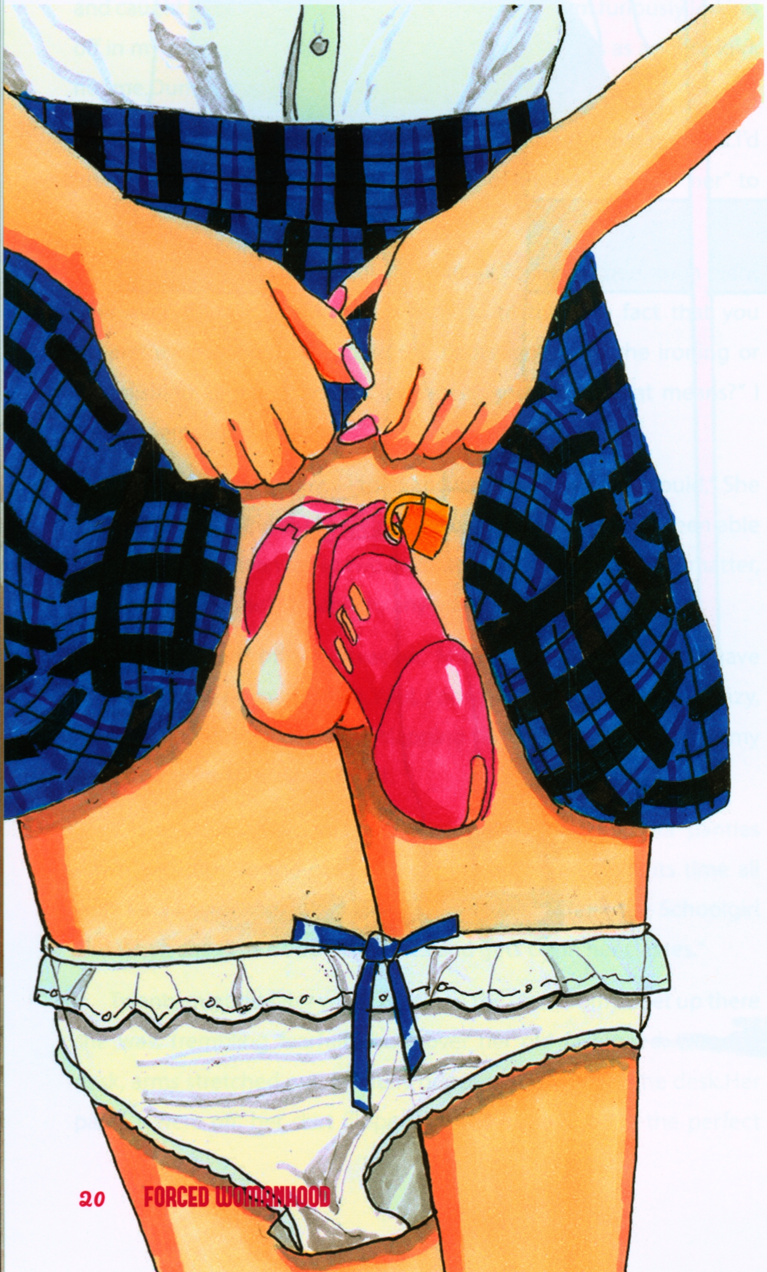
"I wish my pussy could get as excited as I feel, but (lifting her skirt) see it can't.

Mummy put it in this pink, chrome, little pussy sheath, to stop me from playing with my pussy when she wasn't looking."

"Now show them you're your new D-cup tits, and read what's on the computer" I demanded.

Not wanting to, but with the cane as her incentive she unbuttoned her blouse and raising it said, "Don't you wish you had titties as big as mine?I used to have smaller titties, but mummy said I was a big girl, and big girls needed big tits. They're so huge, I-I just love them!Next time, if I've been good, Mummy says she'll let me play with them for you.Well, that's all for now, write me soon,"

What I do is write emails that pop up and every night I make her answer half a dozen. I can't help laughing my head off, to myself.



I'm afraid, at first, Tiffany didn't take me seriously that she was going to live her pathetic, schoolgirl fantasy 24/7.

She weepingly understood how serious I was after my beautician permanently lasered off all her facial hair, dyed her lips bright pink, and permanently added blue eyeshadow,ridiculously long, curled eyelashes, eyeliner and mascara and pierced her ears.

Gloatingly I added the finishing touches. A large stud to the tip of her tongue causing her to lisp like a little girl, and, of course, when she does pussy licks it drives we over the moon. Then, of course, I felt the greatest satisfaction locking her pussy in the smallest pussy sheath I could find.

Now the most hysterical idea I came up with was to have her home schooled when, surfing the net, I found a Ms. Strict, her real name was Porsche Winters, who specialized in home schooling sissies.A formidable woman, severely dressed, with a scowl on her face who tiffany grew instantly fearful of, not able to tear her eyes from the wicked looking cane she was holding.

Three days a week she tutors Tiffany in the morning in such classes as Manners & Etiquette for Sissies, Proper Sissy Poise & Posture, Remedial Sissy Speech, Hair Styling for Sissies in which she' learned to style her hair in a ponytail, pigtails and braids and Classroom Etiquette.

In this she's most specific.Like a little girl she must raise her hand to answer a question, stand, curtsy, answer the question, curtsy and sit. Which is not all that easy as an addition to the seat is a fixed, pink plug which she must sit on without any hesitation.

Then every few weeks she fiendishly replaces it with a slightly larger one.

Of course the classes that horrify her the most include Advanced Pussy Licking Positions, that I take full advantage of, often several times a day.Intermediate Ass Licking & tonguing, and the one that truly terrifies her to death is Beginning Cock Sucking for Sissies.

But I simply can't leave it there as I take the greatest delight coming up with new ways to humiliate her.It really is so much fun.

First I got her a babysitter.Colleen is a college girl, attending college on a volleyball scholarship.She stand six feet, two inches even without heels. In them she towers over Tiffany who's a diminutive five foot, three inches.She has no idea of who Tiffany really is.By her looks and in her schoolgirl uniform she fully believes she's really is twelve years old and in the sixth grade.Her only remark was that, "She's awfully developed in the , ah, chestfor a girl her age, isn't she?"

Recently I got the most delicious idea.One night as she was dressing me for one of my dates, which always drew great sissy sobs as she carefully trimmed and perfumes my pussy I said, "Now let's get you all dressed up in your sexy, new uniform You see, Brad, my date, is just dying to meet you."

"Oh n-no, p-please don't make me," she pleaded, which, naturally, fell on deaf ears.

"When I had her dressed I sternly said,"Now listen to me.When you meet Brad you'll curtsy, then after you tell him how excited you are to meet Unca Brad you'll lean forward on your tippy toes and give him a big, wet, welcome kiss right on the lips with a lot of tongue"

I couldn't help laughing to myself as she did precisely as instructed.

Before leaving, suddenly inspired I said, "Brad thinks you've absolutely adorable and he's volunteeredSo I've asked Brad if he'd volunteer to give you your first class in sex education, Isn't that nice of him?"

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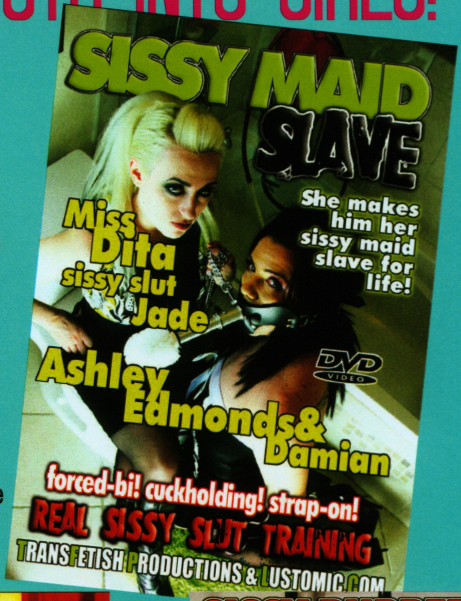
SISSY MAID
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sissy slut
Jade
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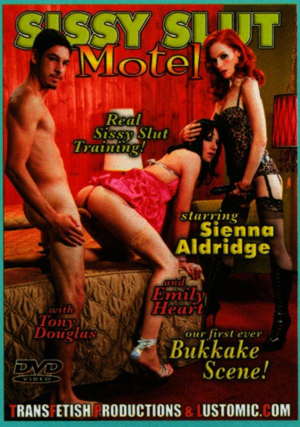
SISSY SLUT
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our first ever Bukkake Scene!
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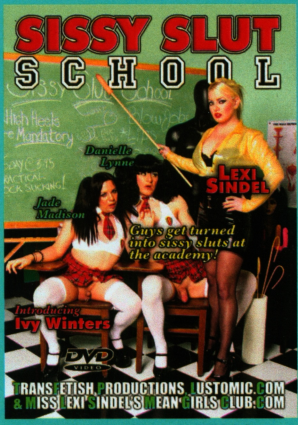
SISSY SLUT
SCHOOL
Sissy Slut School
High Heels are Mandatory
Danielle Lynne
Lexi Sindel
Jade Madison
Guys get turned into sissy sluts at the academy!
Introducing Ivy Winters
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STARRING
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Kendra JAMES
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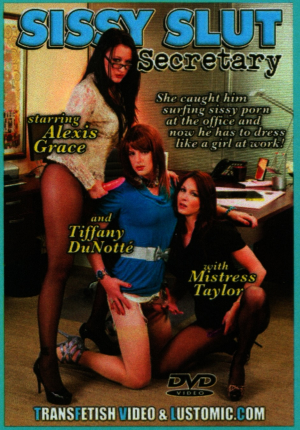
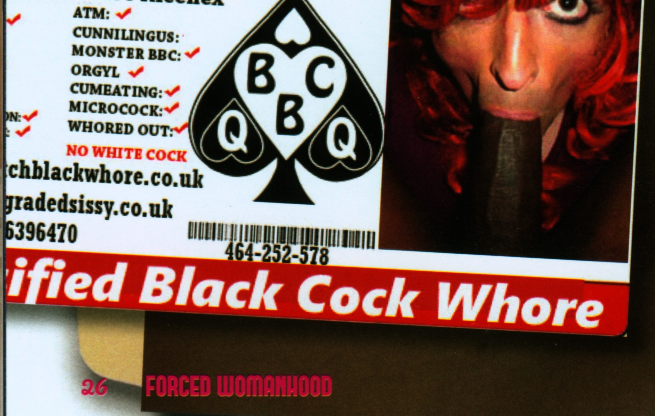

SISSY SLUT
Secretary
She caught him surfing sissy porn at the office and now he has to dress like a girl at work!
starring Alexis Grace
and Tiffany DuNotté
with Mistress Taylor
DVD VIDEO
TRANSFETISH VIDEO & LUSTOMIC.COM

Sissy Slut Secretary - TFSS

TOP SELLING VIDEOS

CYBERSLUTS *Revealed*



ack Owned

: Bitch Blackwhore
R NAME: Steve Kleenex

ATM: ✓
CUNNILINGUS:
MONSTER BBC: ✓
ORGYL ✓
CUMEATING: ✓
MICROCOCK: ✓
ON: ✓
WHORED OUT: ✓
: ✓

NO WHITE COCK

tchblackwhore.co.uk
gradedsissy.co.uk
6396470

464-252-578

ified Black Cock Whore

Subject: Steve Kleenex
Status: BLACK COCK WHORE

#CYBERSLUTS

I've been made into a bitch by my both of my girlfriends…and what's most embarrassing is that they were both at least 8 years younger than me. I love it though. I begged to be Stef"s bitch but she said no…at first. Even though she used to like me to wear my buttplug and she used to fist me in a sadistic way that would have kept me docile for weeks, had it not been part of our daily 'training schedule.' When I got the Strap on for her, the kind that also includes a vibrating vaginal plug, for added pleasure for her, she had her first ever orgasm through fucking me. She loved it and though she had to get home that night the next morning she turned up before 9 and strapped her plastic cock on.

That was when things changed. This time there was no rush. She'd taken the day off work and could go at a steadier pace. As she got more used to it she got harder and harder, till I was not only whimpering but trying to pull away, but she'd just grab me and pull me back. It's like she was suddenly ten times as strong as me.

My whimpering turning into girly moans as I realized that she was fucking me harder than I'd ever fucked her. Then the reality of my true nature finally sank in, in a way that I couldn't deny anymore. With what felt like a 28 ton pile driver thrusting into my ass, I accepted that I wasn't a man. She must have read my mind, either that or she had made the realization at exactly the same point I did, as that's when she said it, "You're useless. You can't even fuck me half this good. You do realize that I'm more of a man than you are…"

"I'm sorry…" I said as she impaled me on her plastic shaft.

"Well. From now on you're my bitch. I get more pleasure this way as well. How does it feel to finally get what you wanted so much?"

"Make me your slave then!" I pleaded. "Own my ass. Please!"

"Make me your slave then!" I pleaded. "Own my ass. Please!"

CYBER SLUT

I'd been introducing her to BDSM online for a while now. I guess I'd known by the amount of interest she took in the information that she was starting to like the idea of owning me. She'd been getting more and more dominant for a while now; it's like she finally accepted that, that's what she wanted.

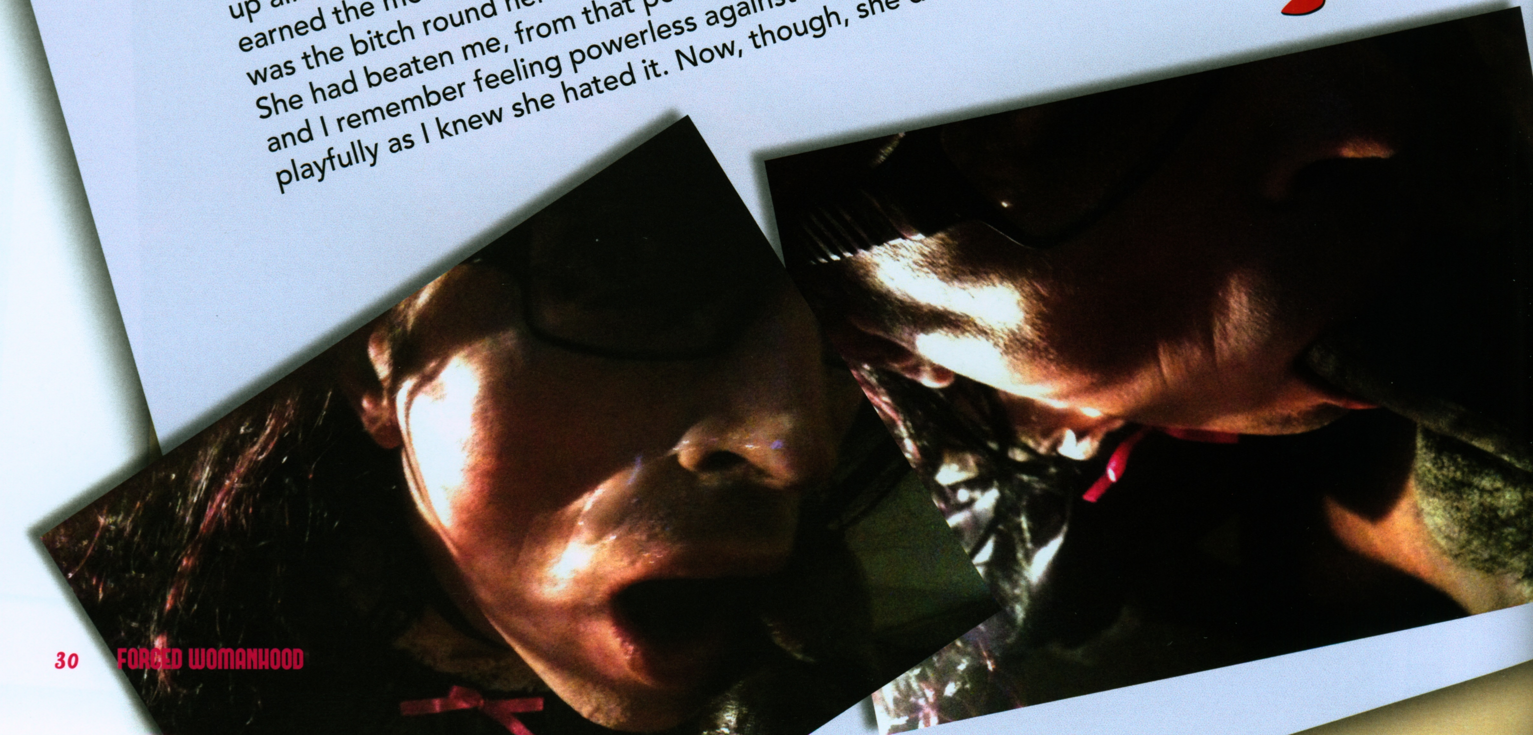
"Get up," she said as she patted the bed. I did as I was told. "I'm gonna watch cartoons for a while, you can suck my toes and lick my feet clean." And then I willingly sucked her toes—which I swore I'd never do as I hate feet. I carried on until she told me to stop, which seemed like an eternity later.

Then she lubed up my ass again and put on her strap on. She told me to lie on my back, then she lifted my legs up round her head and entered me. We were face to face this time and as she fucked me we kept eye contact. Her face was full of evil satisfaction as she took me like a woman. It was ten o'clock when she had finished using me. She plugged my ass before leading me into the front room.

While Stef did her research on slave training, she had me lie at her feet and suck her toes. She sat there till past 2 am making lists. When finally we went to bed she cuddled me the way a man cuddles his girlfriend…

The rules were simple, I was her bitch, in name as well as role, my ass was plugged 24/7, my ass would be fisted daily, I'd be kept naked at all times indoors and I'd give up all intention of ever getting another job. I'd stay in doing the housework while she earned the money. And I'd have my nails pink at all times, so that it would remind me I was the bitch round here.

She had beaten me, from that point onwards she was even physically stronger than me, and I remember feeling powerless against her. I used to hold her down and tickle her playfully as I knew she hated it. Now, though, she did it too me.



☐ COMPLAINT AFFIDAVIT
...S MUST BE ANSWERED IF DEFENDANT NOT IN CUSTODY

☒ ARREST FORM

OBTS #

SS # [redacted]

Subject: Slut Sébastien
Status: SUBMISSIVE PANTY PARTY

Greetings,
i am a submissive and exhibitionist male, as well a part time crossdresser that really loves to wear Lingerie and Sexy Clothes.
i love to make explicit photos on request and sometimes videos.
If this is something of your interest, please contact me and i will do my best to answer to your requests.
Sébastien

Fetlife profile: tv-Model(fetlife.com/users/1690617)

Fantasy Fulfilled

by Mistress Jaclyn

Being a dominant woman you would think I'd have no problem finding submissive men, but you would be very wrong. I had no desire to "act" like a dominatrix and get paid to satisfy men's fantasies because I had my own fantasies to fulfill. I didn't want a male harem, just one special person willing to become my shemale bondage sex slave. It was a fantasy I'd had ever since college, when my sorority had a slumber party and showed various porn videos. Among them were one with a gorgeous transvestite French Maid being bound and disciplined by a dominant beauty, and another of a sissy shemale who was tied and tormented and made to wear various clothes like frilly dresses, ruffled socks, Mary Jane shoes, school girl uniforms with knee-length socks and oxfords. I later learned they were your "Forced Womanhood" and "Enslaved Sissies" movies featuring products from your company. The two videos were the first time I had ever seen sissy and feminized males, and what an impression they made on me!

When I moved out on my own I got copies of your magazines and, having no success meeting the "right" men, decided to try your Reader's Letters section. It took time to find whom I wanted, but that was all right as I kept putting money aside in safe investments. Ron turned out to be the one, and by then I could easily support him since he would have to quit his job, and luckily, he had some savings of his own. We bought a secluded house and he did chores as a chained French Maid or else a sissy in pink satin locking bondage maid's uniform. I ordered a regimen of your feminizing hormone creams and pills, and soon there were definite changes. His figure became more femininely shaped, with growing breasts and softer skin. He slept tied up in a corset and 6" Opera Pumps, giving his hips and behind a female roundness and his legs and ankles a trim shapeliness. Then he saw his cock was dwindling and begged to stop his feminization.

I straightened him out with a long stay in the attic, where I face-sat him for hours, slowly enslaving him with my pussy so he would do anything to lick it even more. I totally fucked with his head by fucking him repeatedly with a strap-on, while spanking and lashing his body to create a wonderful mixture of pain and pleasure. By the end of the week it was easy to make him crawl to lick my boots, and he readily agreed to let me tie him in suspensions and other muscle-aching ways.

Aware that his punishments would continue without let up, Ron gave in and resumed his treatments. I pierced his tiny prick and tattooed my name on his ass, and once it all healed I put his clitty in your exquisite FL4 Sterling Silver Penis Chastity. By then his tits were ripe for big implants and Ron was transformed permanently into Rhonda, a lovely, submissive sissy shemale bondage sex slave whom all believe is a real woman.

I am supremely happy with Rhonda, who does her best to please me and never complains about her often strict bondage. She has an extensive wardrobe from your Sissy collection and changes outfits several times day. One outfit I particularly like her in is a dark pink short sissy dress, knee-length school girl stockings, and oxfords. I collar and leash her, tie her arms and body with white ropes above and below her boobs and about her trim waist, those ropes also fasten her wrists and arms behind her back.

After leading her around the house and yard verbally degrading everything about her, I bind her on the floor beside my study table, ropes below her knees holding her shapely legs wide apart and exposing her tiny frenum encased cock and balls, while I am in 7" knee- high black boots, stay-up nylons, opera length gloves and skimpy halter bra and panties, and make her lick my naked cunt for hours. My long thin riding crop urges her on whenever her highly experienced tongue begins to tire.

Sometimes we go out to a movie or picnic, Rhonda's bound wrists hidden by a sweater, and it's fun to see the admiring stares we get from men and some women. Still, we prefer to stay home where her bondage and discipline can be much more intense and she can change clothes to suit my whims.

My secret fantasy is at last fulfilled, and it was certainly worth the long wait!

BLACK DICK ONLY

I was painting Mia's toenails bright red as I kneeled in front of her as she lounged on the sofa watching Netflix. She was unusually quiet but I knew she was excited—it was her first date with Chris. They had met at one of my work's office parties and because she loved to humiliate me in front of the people I worked with I knew that when she saw the tall, very dark, and handsome man that she would zero right in on him. The worst part was that he was one of my closer friends at work. A few drinks later she was sitting on his lap and bright red doesn't describe the color of my face as I watched him fondle my fiancée in front of everyone. It got worse when they left together and returned a half hour later with her makeup and hair mussed. At the end of the party she had me write down our phone number, and he thanked her for a great blowjob. The whole table heard. Now here I was, buck naked getting my wife ready for her date with him while my peenie weenie (that's what I have to call it) was sticking straight up as usual.

It wasn't always this way though; I'm actually nice looking with an average penis size. (I used to think it was quite the weapon.) I played sports in school, got my share of action with girls, and was a pretty confident guy. That is until I met my Mia. Her long brown hair, perfect medium size tits, and gorgeous plump rear hooked me from the start. She had the look that made every guy immediately fall for her. She was always condescending but could be really sweet too in a patronizing way. Our courtship was always one sided though—I paid for everything and was basically at her beck and call. If I didn't answer her calls on the first ring I got a firm reprimand. She treated me like a kid in a lot of ways, scolding me and telling me how things were going to be. After a date she would let me peck her on the check and that was all. I was so horny for her I couldn't sleep most nights.

Her style was very provocative and always included short skirts and very high heels. I would lay awake long sleepless nights jacking off thinking about her curvy tight body. Often she would flirt with guys right in front of me and if I dared say anything, she would pinch me very hard. After about a month she started letting me come in her house with her at the end of the date. I knew something was up when she referred to me as her white boy in front of her roommates.

The first time she let me into her room I was so excited I almost came in my pants. She had me sit on the edge of her bed as she slowly stripped down to a black thong and matching bra, with her four inch high platform heels on. She wiggled her unbelievably sexy large rump in my face. When I went to grab it she slapped my hand away. Than with a sarcastic grin on her face she told me to strip as she lay back on the bed. I raced out of my clothes and stood in front of her with the biggest hard-on of my life. It was finally here and I was dying with lust. Then it happened...she looked at my dick and started laughing.

"Oh my, is that it?" she mocked. "It's so little and pink. I knew white boys were little but my lord. It is cute though in a boyish kind of way."

I was mortified. Usually girls call my seven incher big. I should have gotten dressed and walked out or at the least called her a bitch, but instead I stood there being humiliated and got even hornier.

"Ohooooo looks like Mr. Pickle likes when I call him names, is that it? Does little baby's micro sized weenie like that? Looks like he does. Oh baby I know. Go over in my drawer and get some panties to put on. All baby dicks should wear panties, don't you think?"

I was sweating. I knew if I did as she asked I was giving away a part of me; I wasn't sure what part but I had a guess it would be my pride and any sort of self-esteem. It hurt but I walked over and picked out a yellow pair of panties and slid them on. Then she had me model them for her.

"That's it sweetie. Show your princess what a little sissy you are. Oh that's perfect. Bend over for me and show me your little pantied tushy. My, my. And here I thought a good-looking jock boy like you would have actually something to offer. Hahahaha I can barely make out your little Oscar Meyer in those pretty panties. Mmmm yes. Touch your toes and show princess how little dinky white boys have fun. God I've lost all respect for you. That's it tiny. Now. Ready for you reward?" she asked pushing aside her panties to show me her glistening wet perfectly smooth honey pot. I nearly tripped jumping over to her and trying to get my dick in her hole.

"Hahaha, no sweetie not like that," she scolded me. "Panty wearing boys with little peenie weenies don't get to use them. They're useless. As if you could ever please a woman. The only thing I'm interested in is your tongue. Now do a good job and I might let you pull your little pud for me. Hold on and I'll show you what white girls really like while you eat me." Using a remote she switched on the DVD player and a movie of a really hot big tittied white girl getting pounded by an enormous big cock played out.

I spent the next hour pleasuring her while she watched the movie, and I lost count of orgasms she had. At the end she made me get some tissue and in three quick strokes I shot my load into the paper. She made a grimace face when I came and made me put what she called my disgusting sissy spunk in her bathroom toilet. Afterwards I gave her a long massage with oil as she told me her plans for me.

"You see baby I only like real men for sex. However, if a guy like you knew his place and that my pussy was reserved for black dick only, I think we could have a

real future together. Of course you would have to show proper respect to your betters at all times missy. That means wearing what I say and doing exactly as told. I find your body hair very offensive and want it removed immediately. That includes the hair around your little dinky. Yes baby the one you were so impressed with before now. I think it's really inappropriate that you would try and act like a real man with such an inferior bitty like that. Anyway I'm willing to train you but it will be tough for you. What I really want in our relationship is more of a Mistress/servant one. I mean I think we could have a very happy time together and I am even willing to help you become the pantywaist I know you were born to be. You are very lucky I am here to help you. No more trying desperately to please women and failing miserably. Yes I know sweetie, but they were acting. The might have pretended you were pleasing them to be nice but deep down they were craving a really big cock. I know it hurts but I assure you I will definitely help you in every way to achieve your place at my feet. I think it would be very sweet to help you realize your inferiority. Oh baby your crying... See, I knew it wasn't an act; you really were the little dicked wimp I've been looking for. Now go introduce yourself to my roommates as the new housemaid because you'll be serving them too."

As I left that night I was in turmoil. I loved her with a deep yearning passion I had never before experienced but I wasn't sure if I could be what she wanted. After only four hours she had wrecked any sort of pride I had in myself as a man. Of course I drove to her house at Mach ten the next morning when she called, and I knew I had sealed my fate even showing up after the way she had treated me.

My training consisted of severe spankings, public humiliation, and forced feminization. I was made to clean her house twice a week in a short dress and heels. When we went out she always put just a dash of makeup on me and always had me wear some very feminine but not too over the top clothing. I looked like a total fag most of the time. Seeing me dressed like this, and out with this gorgeous brunette gave most guys the idea I was her gay friend. Guys constantly came up to us in clubs or restaurants. If they were black and good looking she would explain I was her sissy boyfriend and that I was lacking in certain departments and that I appreciated help in satisfying her.

After three months we moved in together. I mainly slept in the guest room. One thing I learned was that she was definitely a nymphomaniac. There was a steady stream of well-built black men who visited. I was always made to wear lingerie around the house and often they would have a good laugh at my expense. Another thing I learned about in great detail was eating another man's semen from my girlfriend's pussy. Often in between rounds they would call me in to clean her up for the next go. I was mortified the first time I came prancing in wearing a pink baby doll (Mia loved pink on me) with pink slippers and saw her gooey hole displayed right in front of me. She smirked as she pointed to it.

"It will be good for you baby doll. Maybe you can ingest some of his masculinity. Besides Clarence didn't believe me when I told him all white boys have at least a little bit of gay in them. Now go ahead and show us what a little no balls fairy you are," she laughed. I complied and cleaned her thoroughly. I cried during it and they both loved it. After that it became a regular thing.

Tonight, after I was done with her nails, I helped her into a ruffly red thong panty and bra set. Then I slid her into a skintight black dress that just barely covered her round ass. She looked like a high-class call girl.

"Oh I am so horny for some real dick," she told me. "Your tongue is good sweetie but boy do I need to be fucked by real man."

I just stood there blushing furiously at the thought of my inability to satisfy such a gorgeous woman and her going out with my friend instead. She noticed my discomfort and began ordering me around with a wicked smile on her face.

"Now, go put on those super tight little daisy dukes you made and the halter-top. I want Chris to know that you're absolutely no threat in the masculinity area. It's important for black men to know that their women are all theirs. That's it missy. Now the heels. Aww what a perfect little pansy you look. Now I want you to show proper respect to your superior when he shows up; thank him for taking care of my needs and also ask if you can clean his apartment sometime. That shows real class. Maybe you should tell him about how we have been together six months now and the only sex you've gotten is a hand job. Okay there's the door. Go answer and make sure to keep your eyes down."

This was a big step. Usually I didn't know the men she slept with personally. When the door opened, Chris was there. He immediately started laughing.

"Damn you are one punk ass bitch. Mia told me, but damn! I always heard most white boys are faggots but I guess you gotta see it to believe it."

He went right to Mia and deeply French kissed her, right in front of me. I was burning with shame. My peenie weenie was starting to get very hard also. I swear it was getting smaller. Last time I measured, it was only six and a half. I'd lost half an inch somehow. Maybe it was all psychological.

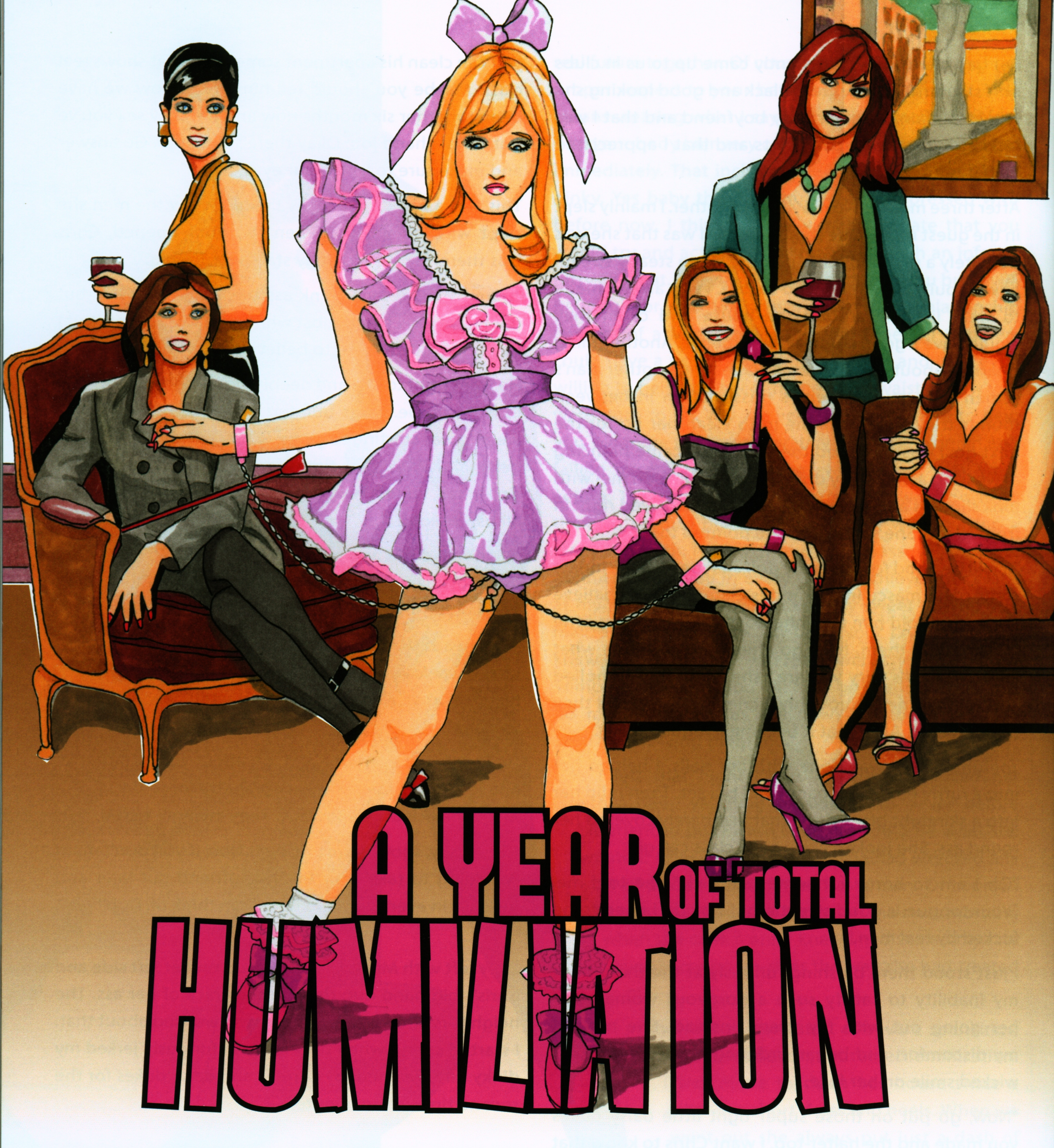
Mia noticed this and pointed to my exposed dinky. "Oh look how happy he is that his girlfriend is getting laid," she laughingly said. Chris laughed along with her.

"Go ahead sweetie, play with it for us. Show Chris how utterly useless you are as a man. That's it honey. Make him see what a total limp dicked panty wearing wimp you are."

"Wait till I tell everyone at work about you," Chris said. Mia loved this idea and encouraged him to do so. She made me lick Chris's shoes as they lovingly kissed.

"Good boy, showing me respect.Now if you don't mind I'm going to take your lovely girlfriend out later and fuck her in every way and hole I can think of. Don't wait up!"

They left with Mia's dress riding up on her left side and Chris's big hand dug deep in the crack of her ass. The neighbors already knew so I wasn't worried about that. I started crying when they left and furiously jerked my dinky till I creamed my panties and daisy dukes for the second time in ten minutes.



A YEAR OF TOTAL HUMILIATION

My wife thought she'd married a normal guy who was average in all respects. She never thought she'd married someone who demeaned and humiliated her in public, who ordered her around and demanded she do as she was told—to dress in the sexiest, sluttiest attire and the highest heels—not just in the house either, but all the time regardless of where she went. I loved showing her off as my dumb, sexy, bimbo trophy wife, despite the fact that she had a Master's in Business Administration. I couldn't have cared less about how she felt. After all, I was the undisputed man of the house. She'd do as I ordered and that included sucking my cock on demand and bending over for me to use whenever I felt like it.

Well, life was great, at least for me. But that all changed when she joined a women's support group for battered women and wives. Unknown to me she started lifting weights and had been doing it for months just waiting for her chance to turn the tables on me, which came about when I came home one night and found her dressed in jeans, a loose top and wearing flats. Nor was there any dinner on the table.

"Why the fuck are you dressed like that!?" I asked incredulously. "Change immediately and bring me the hairbrush. I won't tolerate this!" I bellowed, making an attempt to slap her face.

The next thing I knew my arms were yanked painfully behind me and I was shocked at her strength, I couldn't break free!

"Things, as you'll soon find out, are about to change around here. You no longer wear the pants in this house— I do," she smirked.

"What the Hell are you talking about woman?" I demanded as I felt a needle being plunged into my arm and blackness washed over me…

It's been a year since that fateful night and now, again, it's a dreaded "Show & Tell" night. I hear a multitude of women laughing and giggling in the living room. I wait, nervous and terrified, waiting for her command to "Enter!"

When I hear, "Come along now, Sissy," I daintily mince into the room taking the tiniest steps on just my tippy toes—elbows back, arms bent, wrists limp. I wiggle my behind as I've been trained to do, helped along by the ever larger plug stuck up it.

I cringe, head bowed, too humiliated to look up as they hoot, laugh, and sneer at me. They go into hysterics at how I'm dressed and I can't blame them because I'm dressed in the daintiest, frilliest sissy dress imaginable. I knew what a pathetic looking sissy I appeared to them as I'd spent countless hours making it myself. Each time I'm showed off my outfits get sissier and sissier, and I have to make every one of them!

But this one, oh god, it's the worst! It's lavender satin with shocking pink trim everywhere. The neckline plunges to show off my budding sissy breasts that are slowly getting bigger and bigger. The tightly tied sash shows off my severely corseted now twenty one inch waist. The pink taffeta layers of petticoats make the absurdly short skirt stand almost straight out. It's so short that my lavender panties are clear for everyone to see.

And they're so tight my tiny chastised dickette with a jingling bell dangling from it peeks out from them. Welded onto what once were my balls is a heavy steel band with rings on either side from which short chains lead to locked, pink cuffs on each wrist.

On my long, perfectly styled pageboy hairdo is a huge lavender bow. On my legs are the frilliest ruffled and lace anklets and the most horrible sissy shoes are tightly tied to my feet—pink patent leather with big lavender bows.

On my wife's command I must mince over to each woman, curtsy and introduce myself in the most girlish, lisping voice. "Hello, my name is Sissy Pansy and I am ever so wonderfully delighted to meet you. I was once my Mistresses' husband, but now I'm just a pathetic, whimpering sissy," I say, dreading what I know must come next. I want to cry, which my Mistress loves to hear me do. I used to protest, but it made not the slightest difference to her.

"Poor sissy, look she's crying!" she would say, absolutely delighted. "She does cry so, for some reason, but don't worry ladies, her make up won't run."

After introducing myself I curtsy once again, making sure I raise my skirts above my waist so each woman can see my little, chastised clitty and jingling, gold bell. Holding my skirts up I ask in my lisping voice, "W-Would you like to p-play with Sissy Pansie's dickette or jingle it's bell?"

I pray I won't be any more humiliated than I already am, but, without fail, each woman delights in holding my tiny dickette in her hand making remarks like, "Was this once actually a man's penis?"

""Oh he once thought it was, but it never did measure up, or perform like it should," my Mistress would answer.

"It's so little, why I just need two fingers to hold it, does it actually get any bigger?" another would ask.

"It used to, but now it hardly get any bigger than it is now, does it sissy?"

"No Mistress, it doesn't," I say, barely able to hold back my tears, as yet another woman painfully flicks her fingernail on my dickette enjoying the tinkling sound my bell makes.

Then the next woman asks the hated question. "Does, ah, her dickette, well, still function?"

"Well yes, in a manner of speaking. After she introduces herself to everyone I'll ask you to vote whether she's made a good impression on you or not. If you all vote her the sissiest thing you've ever seen then I usually reward her by temporarily removing her chastity sheath. Then as she faces you, holding her skirts up I use this remote to vibrate the little helper in her behind. We can all play with it and eventually one of you will tum it up too much and her dickette will do squirties into a little shot glass she holds. But not to worry, nowadays it more dribbles out and barely fills the glass," she giggled.

"But what if we don't judge her the sissiest thing we've ever seen?" a woman asked.

"Oh my, then in that case Sissy has to go get her spanking paddle and go around to each woman, bend over and ask her to spank her sissy behind as hard as she can."

I stood there silently pleading for them to decide to spank me this time; I just couldn't take the humiliation of being made to squirt under the scrutiny of these women, even though I've been forced to do it for the past year.

FOR THE Woman YOU LOVE

by Penny Lace

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, Mistress. Yes, anything, please," I managed, the anticipation nearly choking off my words.

A part of me wondered what I could possibly be ready for; I put on the dress like she asked, Derrick leaving the room once the makeup was put on, the flower clipped into the side of my hair, crowning me forever as Darcy, a slave to the woman I love more than anything; and then Darcy got her first pair of red heels and white knee socks.

She wasn't satisfied, and after 15 years of marriage, you could tell something was missing. After a long night of white wine and cheese, she finally broke down and told me all about what she wanted; she wasn't a lesbian but she wanted a woman, she wanted me to be a woman, and I'd said yes because that is what you do for the woman you love.

Maddie proceeded to slip leather straps around my thighs, chuckling as she did so. "I don't want a woman-I've always wanted a little sissy bitch," she whispered, her words close to my ear and she slipped matching straps around my arms. Pulling my elbows tightly together, I felt something hard and firm press against my back and she stepped away … and I was rendered practically immobile.

What the? There was a moment of panic. Maddie made it seem she was curious about a woman, but she still wanted me. So I pretended to be a slave, and she my Mistress. But this, this was a little different than what she first brought up. I tried to pull against the restraints but it was useless.

She tsked, before placing mittens on my hands, leaving my hands as worthless as my arms.

But before I could even react, she had attached a chain from the gloves to the strap on either side and I was trapped, fully at the will of the woman I love more than anything.

"That's better." I struggled; she slapped me hard across the face. "Stop it you little sissy, this is my fucking show now, bitch."

I started into silence; the shock of the situation overwhelming and I watched, words stolen, and, let's be honest, completely in awe; she sat on the ottoman, looking menacing in her black outfit that I stupidly thought was the big surprise of the night.

She began to play with me, stroking, feeling, and I threw my head back, losing myself in the sensation, a sensation I had felt, but never like this, never completely helpless. I forced myself to open my eyes, to watch her watch me. She was beautiful, looking with a concentration I had yet to see. How could I not want to do such a thing for her when she looked at me like that?

"You're not going to need this for a while." Her words couldn't drown out the sudden pressure around me, the sudden loss of pleasure and the tightness that choked me.

I gasped, looking down; she had enclosed my dick in some sort of locking device, and I was straining painfully against the metal.

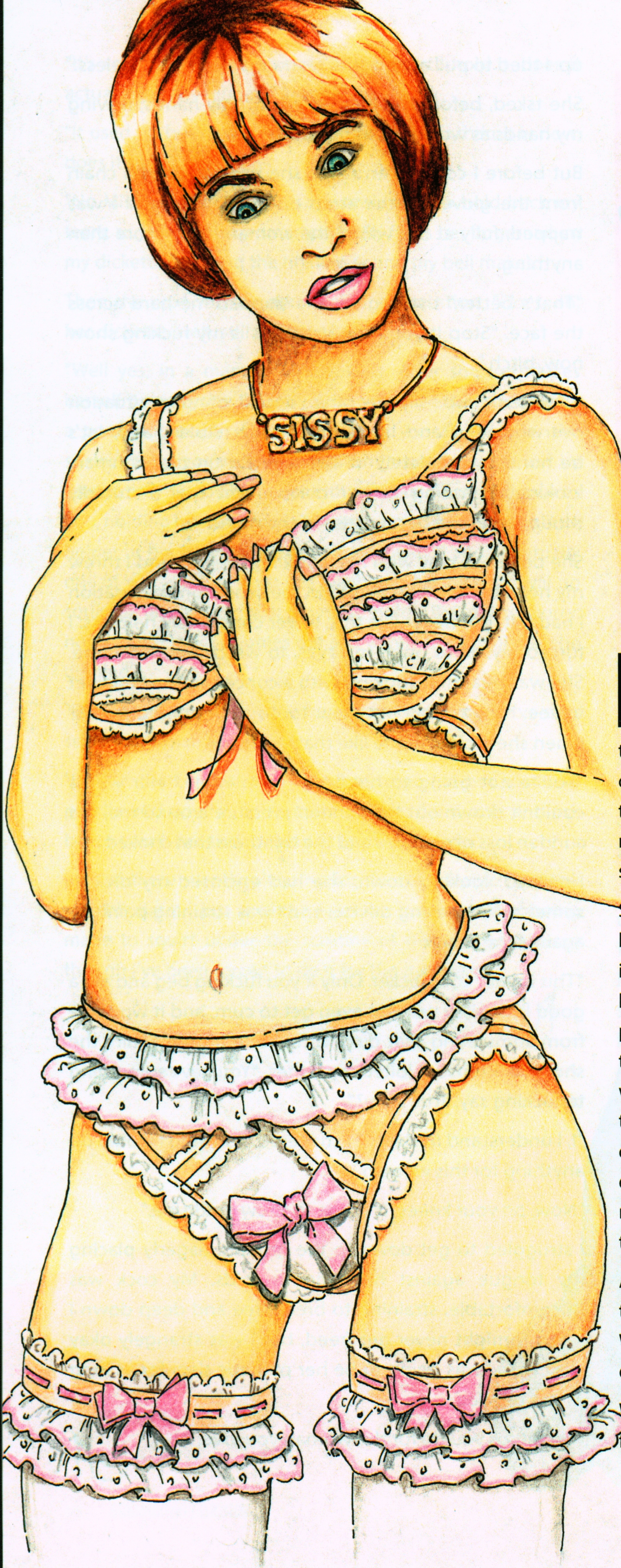
"This is your cock locker. Only if you fucking beg and are a good little sissy will you even get to cum, and it won't be from stimulating that dirty clitty." She hit me again, the shock so intense, it jolted my bones. "You have something to fucking say, little sissy?"

"I, I understand Mistress," I stuttered, knowing I would do anything for this woman.

"Now, on your knees. It's time to show gratitude."

I struggled to get down to the ground, eagerly placing my tongue against her smooth folds. My cock was uncomfortable, straining to break free and deep down I knew it might never get freed, but I was strangely okay with that; I was going to be her pathetic sissy for as long as she needed.

The things you do for the woman you love.



FROM STRAIGHT GUY TO SISSY SLUT

It all started when my girlfriend Alana wanted to see what I'd look like dressed in her clothes. I was reluctant at first, but she said if I did as she asked, I was in for a really good fucking.I didn't expect her to be so thorough but she started by shaving my whole body. It felt oddly arousing. There were a few problems when my cock refused to lie down but she soon sorted that out, telling me that, "I'd best remember how she did that as I'd need to know." Now that was a little strange but I was feeling too good to think about it too deeply.

Soon she had me in a pair of stockings and garters, panties, and a bra—which ironically is exactly what I'd always wanted her to dress in. Then came a pair of breast forms and a black latex dress. Then a lengthy process of make-up and an pair of 5 inch heels. Once she pronounced me complete, she told me to walk around in the heels to get used to them while she made a few calls. We'd been drinking wine this whole time and I guess I was too relaxed to question any of this. Laughing a little at the sight that I made, she handed me a glass of wine; when I asked for a beer she just snorted and told me that girls drink wine, not beer. Not long after I'd drained the glass the doorbell rang. Before I could panic Alana refilled my glass and ran off to get the door.

After a little while I heard Alana call out, "Sarah come down here, there's someone I'd like you to meet." It must have been the wine. Was I excited? Swallowing another glass, I delicately made my way down stairs to greet our mystery guest.

Walking into the living room I was greeted by strong man, naked from the waist down and playing with Alana's breasts. I recognized him as her gym instructor. Looking over at me she climbed off of him Alana introduced me as her sister. She served more wine and then told Damien, "Sarah's new in town and single, maybe you too could have some fun." Before the shock could even set in, I felt a strong set of hands on my shoulders and I dropped easily onto my knees. I was eye level with Damien's cock. He moved his hands behind my head as Alana told me to grip his cock. I knew just what they wanted me to do. My inhibitions had apparently disappeared with the wine as I parted my lips without hesitation to accept his now very hard cock.

Seeing my red lips running up and down his cock and my painted nails playing across his balls was turning me on. Now I knew what Alana had meant by her earlier comment. Then I was moved onto his lap, and Damien lifted my dress and pushed his well lubed cock into me. Having never had anything in my ass before, I was surprised how it seemed to welcome his big cock. Alana assured me I'd get used to it.

Alana kept grinning at the predicament I was in. Waiting for the pain to subside, she came over and whispered in my ear, "How does it feel to be the one getting fucked?"

His hands settled on my waist and gripping me tightly he began to lift my dress clad body off of his cock. I breathed a sigh of relief. That sigh of relief soon became a cry of pain/pleasure as he pushed me back onto his lap and forcefully onto his cock. He spun me around, so that now I was facing him then he pushed his cock into me again. After a few seconds of just staring into his eyes, he leant me forward until our lips met. Then he slowly forced his tongue into my mouth, whilst running his hands across my back. He blasted with what I can only describe as a warm flood of cum that completely filled my ass.

I didn't know which was stranger for me, getting fucked by a guy or being so turned on by it. I could feel his cum running down my leg. Alana had me scoop up as much as I could with my fingers and then lick them clean.

Alana took my hand and led me back to the bedroom, promising me that it would all be worth it. We took a shower together but the whole time Alana would not let me play with myself or her.

We left the shower and on the bed was a very short white mini skirt, a tight almost see through white top, along with the accompanying white stockings and suspenders. This was MY outfit. Damien mush have put it out and I could feel myself getting hard at the thought of him wanting me in this.

Dressing me as quickly as she could, Alana sat me down at the vanity again and fixed my make-up. Once again she filled a glass with wine and stood there while I drained it. Filling another for me she led me to the bed and pushed my feet into a pair of 6 inch white strappy heels, buckling them so as to make sure that I'd not slip out of them. Again the doorbell rang and I knew I was in for a surprise.

Again I was called downstairs. The living room was packed. There must have been at least eight guys there. Not one of them was slightly built either. My first guess was that they were also guys from the gym. I froze.

This time she introduced me as her boyfriend and then told them loudly that she'd promised me a really good fucking! Realizing what was about to happen I turned and tried to run. Unfortunately I was a little too drunk and inexperienced in heels…

Soon, I was stripped down to lingerie and spread eagle on her kitchen table with a cock before me just begging to be sucked...and I wanted it. As I began to take this monster into my mouth I felt another at my ass. Alana grabbed my hands and put them on a cock each, telling me to stroke them until they cum. Or else she'd have they guys use me all night.

So there I was on my back on the kitchen table, my legs over the shoulders of one guy, another with his cock buried deep in my throat, a cock in each hand and two other guys waiting their turn. How in the hell did I let this happen!?

But I had too many cocks and too much wine to even begin to think straight. All the attention that I was getting - I could feel hands, lips, tongues and cocks in places I'd never thought I'd feel. I was a straight guy less than an hour ago!

After I'd serviced what must have been my fifth cock, Alana was stripped naked and lowered onto my cum covered body. The guys wanted to fuck every hole that they could find. I was still on my back on the table but now when I looked up I could see Alana sucking on a cock and while looking down, sh'd see me sucking on a different cock.

Guys were taking turns plowing into Alana's pussy or plowing into my ass, and I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever get the chance to fuck her. As they finished and left, Alana and I fell asleep where we were, on the sticky, cum covered kitchen table. I woke in the morning and found myself not only bound to the table but also to Alana. It would seem that before the last of the guys left they gave us a few parting gifts. My cum soaked knickers were taped into my mouth. My ass was filled by a very large dildo (it felt like I had a rolling pin back there!).

Alana on the other hand had every hole filled, her ass had a vibe in it and her mouth another pair of knickers and as I felt myself getting hard, my cock slipped into her wet pussy. Still bound to me and the table we wondered how we'd ever get free. But for the moment I was just happy to be inside my kinky Alana.

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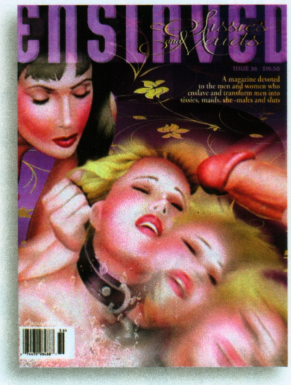
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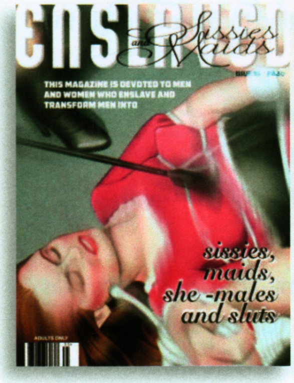
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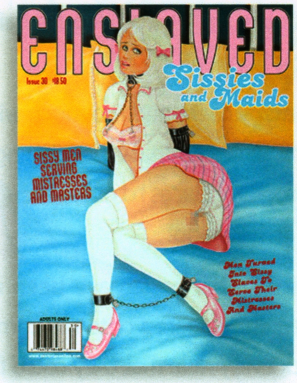
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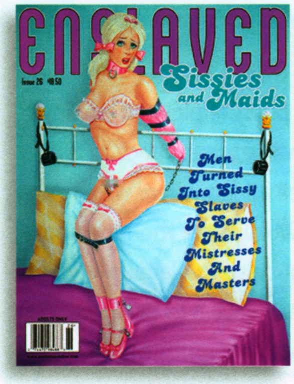
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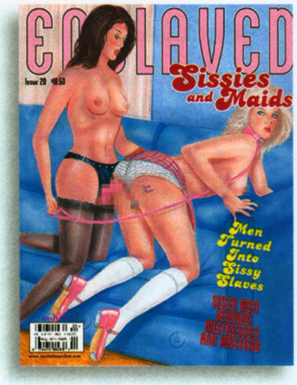
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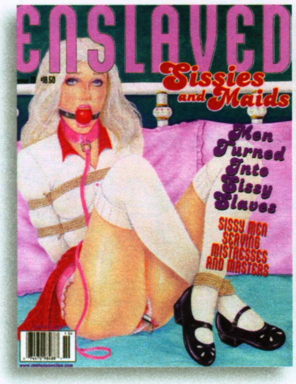
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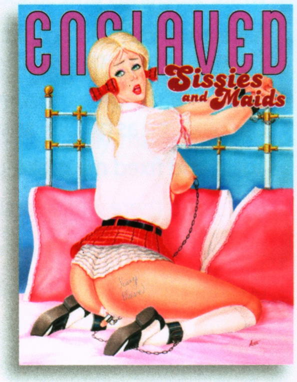
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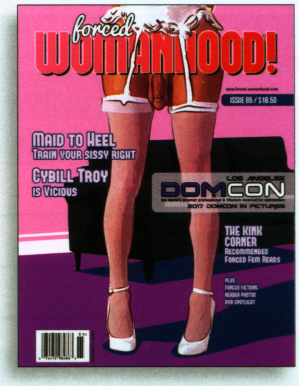
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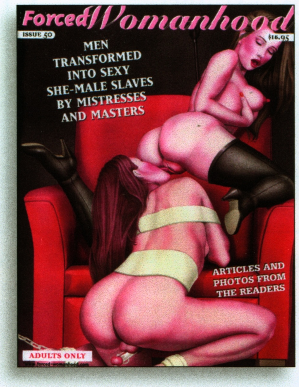
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